

# BLUSHIES

ISSUE FORTY-NINE



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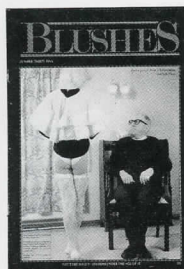
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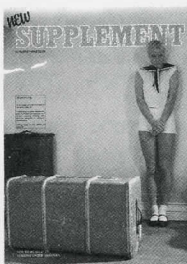
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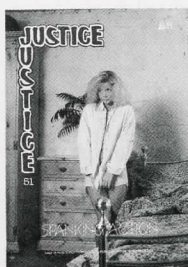
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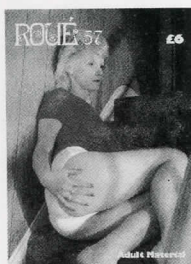
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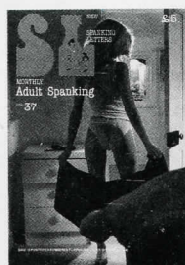
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NO CALLERS

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# GAMES IN A PLAYSUIT

There are several people already sitting in the waiting room: a woman with a child, another with a teenage boy, plus three men. They all look up as she enters and walks across, high heels clattering on the polished floor, to one of the unoccupied chairs. The men especially (and the boy) keep looking because she is an extremely good-looking young woman: 18 or 19 perhaps, a tallish girl with a thick mass of chestnut hair, lustrous brown eyes and a notably full, ripe mouth. Above the high heels and shapely ankles and calves is a dark blue coat which hides further detail. Detail which the eyes of the men would clearly like to see. She briefly meets the stare of the two men opposite, then lowers her gaze. Her face is slightly flushed — at this unconcealed male interest no doubt. She crosses one leg over the other, but carefully, modestly, under her coat, so that the eager eyes see nothing. Her hands clasp in her lap. The lustrous eyes blink. She is evidently nervous.

Perhaps to decrease the tension of these rivetting eyes she reaches for a magazine from the low table, but she has scarcely opened it when the door opens again. It is the nurse. 'Oh Miss Dowling. Would you put this on.' She holds out a pale pink item of clothing. It is a dressing gown. 'Just the dressing gown,' the nurse adds. 'Take all your clothes off. Except your shoes. You can keep your shoes on.'

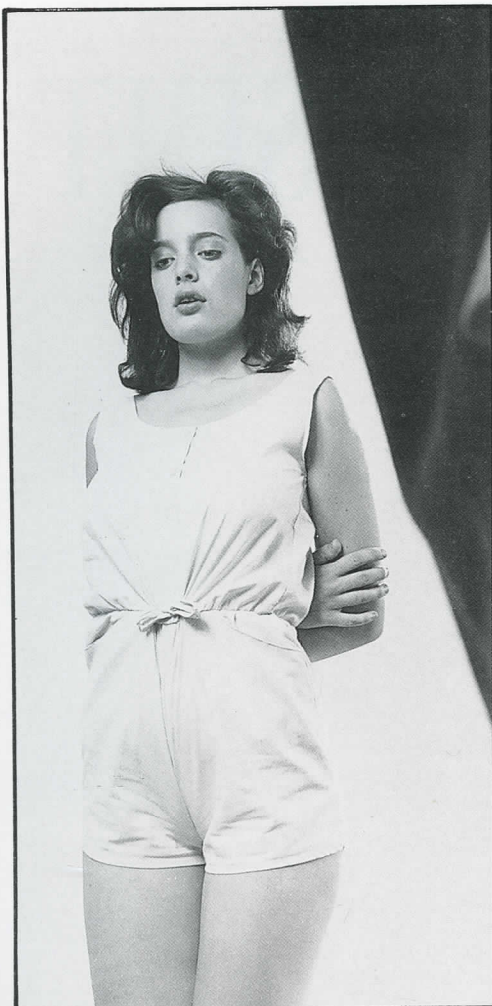
The girl has taken the dressing gown and her face is now a bright scarlet. Everyone of course is looking at her, the men even more voraciously than before. She stutters, 'Wh...where?'

One of the men opposite, fortyish, in working attire, interjects, 'She can change here. No one's going to object.' He grins a bit wolfishly.

'You said it,' the one next to him blurts out. 'She certainly can. In fact...I wouldn't mind giving her a







hand.' He laughs and the first one joins in. The boy does too. The third man, older than the other two and of more middle-class appearance, smiles. The girl is now covered in confusion.

The nurse is also smiling. 'We do have a room. The other side of the corridor. You can leave your clothes in there.' She goes out.

The pretty girl doesn't know where to look. The first man says, 'Come on. Don't be shy. No need to go out there. No need to be stand-offish. We're all friends here.'

She shakes her striking head of hair. Getting to her feet. 'No...I...'

The second working-class-looking man is getting to his feet too. He is fatter than the first one but of a similar age. He puts his considerable bulk between the girl and the door. Grinning at her. 'No, you don't need to bother with going out. Come one.'

'No!' she yelps.







'Don't be stupid,' he tells her. 'D'you want to be reported?' At this point there is a buzz on the intercom. A voice says 'Mr Blinder.' This is evidently this man standing. 'No,' he says. 'No, I'm not in a hurry.' Turning to the woman with the boy. 'You can go in.' 'Alright,' she says. The boy says, 'No...' but his mother tells him, 'Come on.' 'No. I want to see...' 'Come on Trevor,' she insists. Reluctantly he follows her out.

'Now then,' says Mr Blinder. 'As I was saying you don't want to be reported. Antisocial Activity. What are you, 18, 19? They can be pretty sharp with a girl that age. At a Rehab Centre.'

The buzzer goes again. The voice says 'Mrs Cartling.' The woman with the small child gets up, gives the distress looking girl a quizzical look and then goes out. This leaves only the three men. Forlornly holding the dressing gown the girl, Miss Downling, turns to the third man, who has on smart looking trousers in contrast to the working jeans of the other two. 'Please.



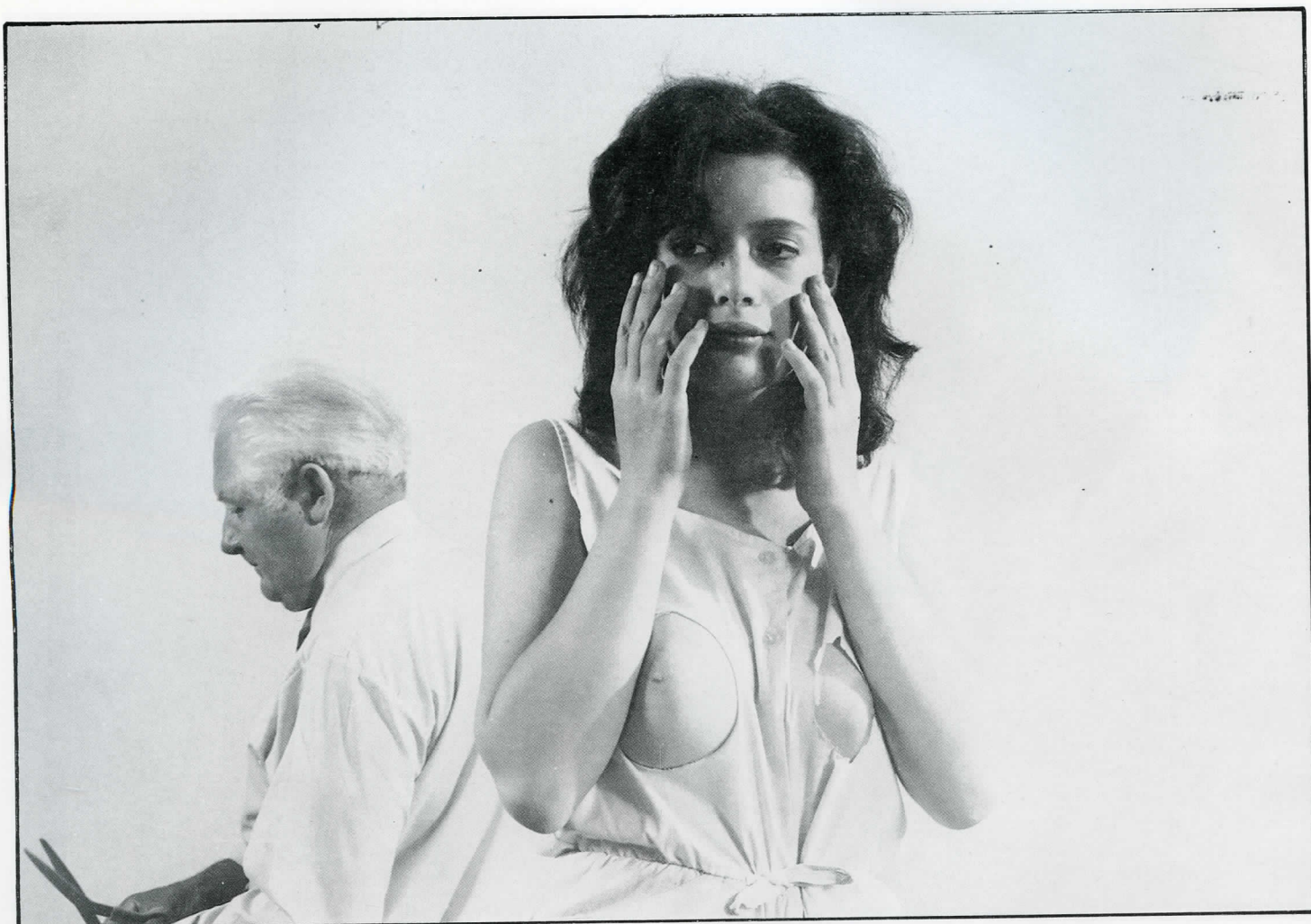














Please...do something.'

He smiles. 'Why don't you just do what they say? It's nothing really, is it? No reason to cause a fuss. It's only the three of us here — and I expect we've all seen a girl undressed before.'

She looks desperately round. 'Please...' she tries once more. 'Please...let me go out.'

The standing one, Blinder, shakes his head, more confident now there is this support from the other. 'No way. You heard what the gentleman said. What're you bothered about. Come on. Or we will report you.'

That threat obviously means something to her. The threat of being sent to a Rehabilitation Centre. And it is not surprising. What you hear about those places is enough to make any girl think twice. That of course is what they are for. To keep young people in the 18 to 25 age bracket on the straight and narrow as it were, to deter all that anti-social behaviour, casual lawlessness in young people, that was such a depressing feature of life in Britain

a few years ago. Rehab Centres have been set up to control it and they are proving very effective. There are separate establishments for males and females and they all have a tough reputation. The cane and the birch are in common use for both sexes — and a complaint from a member of the public, if it is corroborated, can get you there. A complaint from these two men here in the doctor's waiting room, especially if the third man added his name to it, could easily be enough. From what one hears it would be no use pleading that it had all been trumped up. The word of a girl in that suspect age group would have little chance against that of three older men.

Linda Dowling knows all this. With the older man giving her no support she is isolated. She could cause a scene and maybe one of the doctors would come in — but there would still be the word of these men. Making up some story about Anti-social Activity. And the thought of a Rehab Centre...

She finally accepts what seems to be inevitable. Putting down the dressing gown and her hands go-

ing to the buttons of her coat. 'That's more like it,' says the standing man, Len Blinder. He sits down again, an expectant look on his face. This look is matched by the expression of his companion, and indeed that of the older one. The first of these two, who is called Stan Crouder, says, 'Good girl. If you're a good girl there'll be no problem at all.'

The coat is unbuttoned and coming off. Underneath is a light-coloured patterned blouse and a darker skirt. With the coat removed these garments indicate a slim-waisted but otherwise ripely rounded form underneath. She puts the coat down. Hesitates. Hoping against hope for some way out of this sick-making situation. But there is no way out. She reminds herself of the alternative: the Rehab Centre.

Hands go to the belt of her skirt. Unzipping. And then making herself slide it down. She has a white waist slip on so we are not there yet. 'Keep going,' rasps Crouder. Hands go to the blouse. Just think of the Rehab Centre. Unbuttoning. Oh look! Look at these.







Big, ripe-looking tits in a flimsy white bra. She puts her blouse down. In her head now is coming the thought of getting it over with. Of getting the dressing gown on. If she has no choice. The waist slip being slid down. Oh look! At this! A brief pair of white knickers hugging her ripe hips. Sheer stockings to mid-thigh and a white suspender belt fastening them. No tights: girls are supposed to wear stockings and a suspender belt, these are more feminine than tights and if young women are more feminine they will be less likely to get into anti-social behaviour. That is the theory. Len Blinder produces a wolf-whistle. 'Knickers now,' he says.

Linda gives him a darting, sick look. The full dreadfulness of taking all her clothes off — her knickers, her bra — in front of these two dreadful men, not to mention the other one, has really got through. Even if she can immediately get the dressing gown on it is...impossible. If only the buzzer would go. Or the nurse...

As if in answer to a prayer the door opens to admit the nurse. Her eyes



take in this little scene: the three men and the partially undressed, cringing girl. It doesn't seem to throw her. 'Hello. How are we doing. Anyone ready yet?'

Stan Crouder quickly says, 'No. Not really. We're getting her ready. Can't the doctor have a cup of coffee? We won't be long.'

The nurse smiles. 'Well I'm sure he could do with one. Alright. I'll tell him.' She gives the girl another look and then goes out.

So that is it; there will be no help from that direction. Linda feels like bursting into tears. 'Come on then,' Crouder says. 'Let's see some action. The doctor wants all those pretty frillies off. Let's see your meat.'

There is nothing for it. Does she want to be sent to the Rehab Centre? So in that case...there is no option. She reaches for a suspender strap. The stockings, slipping off her shoes first...and then the suspender belt. And now...don't think. Just do it. Reaching behind for her bra strap. Released from their constraint they spill out. The





bra is slid off. Whistles from the two men. She has truly marvellous tits, like large, pale, ripe fruit with big, deep red nipples. Her arms cross over them...and she makes a move towards the dressing gown. But Blinder gets there first. Grabbing up the pink garment. He has guessed what is in her mind: to put it on before she gets her knickers off. He grins that wolfish grin.

'No, sweetheart. That's not being a good girl. We want to see you in the altogether first. We want to see that pretty puss. And we want a proper look at those tits. Come on, get your hands away. And get the knicks off.'

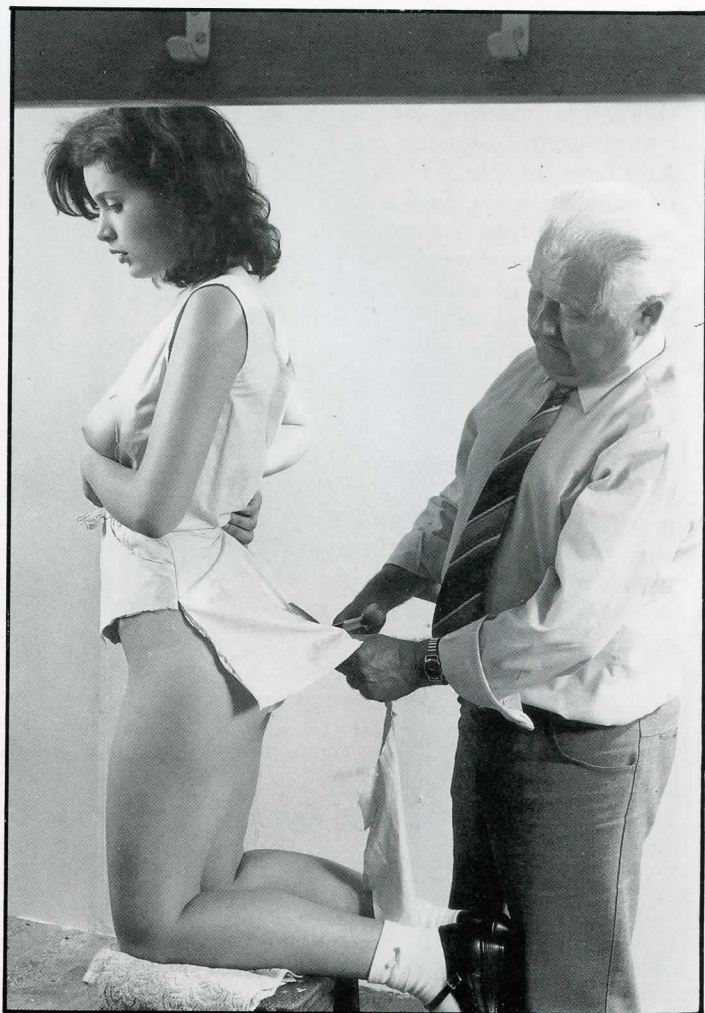
The soft ripe lips are trembling. She is very close to tears now, but she has to do it. She abandons the defence of her luscious boobs. They swing out heavily as her hands go down to the brief knickers. The big tits sway, jiggling, as she works the tight knickers down. Her reddish-brown bush: a thickly luxuriant growth. All eyes on it. As well as on the stunning tits of course. She steps stumbling out of her briefs. She is crying now. She knows she is not going to be

given the dressing gown. Not until they have had some fun. Blinder, red-faced, says, 'Let's see you dance, honey. Let's see a nice dance. The can-can? Get those legs up. And those tits bouncing.'

\* \* \*

Dr Fitchley says, 'Oh hello Linda. There you are. I was beginning to think no one wanted to see me.' He laughs. 'Not that I mind a little break. Anyway how are you? Take the gown off, will you?'

Linda has the pale pink cotton dressing gown belted round her statuesque form. She has her black high heels on but otherwise is nude apart from the gown. Her body under the gown is trembling, shaking, from what the two men have done. Making her dance nude and then inevitably grabbing her. Their hands all over her nude body. If the other man hadn't finally stopped them...she shudders at the memory...they might even have tried to screw her right there, in the doctors' waiting room. While pretending it was all fun of course. And Dr Fitchley...he must have known something of the sort was



going on, the nurse must have told him, but he did nothing, didn't come out and put a stop to it.

Linda shudders again. And now she has to have her examination from Dr Fitchley. That won't be pleasant either although she has to have it. All girls in the 18-25 age group now have a three-monthly medical. It is all part of the strict surveillance routine that has been brought in to control their behaviour. The doctor's report goes to the Central Records Office and is filed away with everything else. That record can trigger a recommendation for a spell at a Rehab Centre in the same way that a report from a member of the public or an official can. The task force set up to combat antisocial behaviour in your persons did a very thorough job.

Linda has the dressing gown off now. Try to forget about the two awful men — though what if they're still there waiting for her when she gets back? Don't think about that desperate possibility. She tries not to. Standing in front of Dr Fitchley nude in her high heels. He is fiftyish, with a fussy, precise manner but no doubt en-



joying this part of his job. Especially when the girl in for her routine check-up is as mouth-watering as this Linda Dowling. His finger and thumb gently squeeze one of Linda's large nipples. They are erect of course after what has happened in the waiting room. Although what those men were doing was so hateful Linda couldn't help her body reacting to it. She is moist between her thighs and her nipples are still sticking out in this embarrassing manner.

'Got you all excited, did they, young lady? Those two gentlemen?' Dr Fitchley's voice is soft, seductive, as now he has both hands mounding the big tits. 'Got you hotted up? So that you're ready for sexual intercourse?'

Linda vigorously shakes her splendid head of chestnut hair. Dr Fitchley is trying to get an admission of promiscuous behaviour, or a tendency in that direction. And if this goes on her report...

'No...' she gasps.

'But you seem to be, Linda. These are certainly aroused. And...' One

hand slides down. To the bright brown bush. 'Part your legs. More...that's better. Yes as I thought. You are aroused, Linda.'

'No!' she squeals, shuddering on the hand which is between her legs. 'No. I'm...not really...please...don't put that on the report.'

Dr Fitchley is stroking her there. Making it worse of course. His plummy, precise voice. 'I have to make an accurate report, young lady. On what I find. On what I can see of your reactions. Your emotional and physical state. Have you...mmm...been having much sexual intercourse lately? The young man listed on your file. What is the current frequency with him? And are there any other sexual partners you haven't told me about? Any at all. We should have everything listed.'

Linda stutters out an answer: that she is still seeing her boyfriend Gregory. And he is her only partner. She feels sick: sick at having to tell intimate details of her private life; sick also at what Dr Fitchley is doing with his hand. At last

the hand comes out from between her legs. 'Well we'll have to see. Let's get you up on the couch. Nice and relaxed, on your back.'

She has been expecting this of course but that doesn't make it any easier. An examination lying on the couch. Dr Fitchley has let go of her but there is more to come. More to come when he has her on that white-covered couch. And he hasn't said. About the report. What he is going to put in it. Whether he believes her. But she is telling the truth about Gregory. She hasn't been with anyone else. Being such an attractive girl men do sometimes ask her. Sometimes strangers, older men, will stop her and get into conversation and it's usually evident what they're after. Sometimes make a quite unambiguous suggestion, perhaps related to the Rehab Centre, a threat like that that the two men in the other room have made. But so far Linda has managed to get out of those awkward, nasty situations. Without having to agree to anything. So she hasn't done it with anyone except Gregory. But Dr Fitchley may nonetheless say something else: 'Easily aroused!' 'Sexually ex-









citable.' Something like that could get her the dreaded letter from the Social Affairs Department. The Rehab Centre...

Trembling, she lies on the couch. Dr Fitchley looking down at her. Jiggling one of her large boobs. And then his hand sliding down. Cupping the thick bush of bright brown

hair. 'What did you say, Linda? With that young man? What is the present frequency...?'

\* \* \*

They won't be waiting for her, will they? The two dreadful men. No, they won't, they can't be. She is half afraid to go out. Dr Fitchley

has at last finished and Linda has the dressing gown on again. The ordeal on the couch is over and she doesn't think he's going to send in a report that will get her into trouble. So all there is to worry about now...are those two men. But they must have gone now, presumably seen one of the other doctors for whatever they came in for...and gone. They had their fun — that really awful fun — and they must have gone.

Linda tells herself this but she doesn't completely believe it. They could be waiting. And if they are...Waiting to say she has got to go with them...Well, there wouldn't be any real option...

Dr Fitchley gives Linda's bottom a final squeeze as he sees her out. Her heart is in her mouth. She is now half convinced that they are waiting for her. Walking along the corridor in her high heels as if on egg shells. Please God...

A sudden yelp. Ooooh! Someone, one of them, is suddenly there. In front of her. It is...no, it isn't. It isn't one of those two. It is the other man. The older, middle-class looking one. She lets out a great sigh of relief. Although...

'Hello. Miss Dowling. Everything all right?'

She hasn't thought of this one. Her thoughts concentrated completely on the other dreadful two. 'In here,' he says. 'Nurse has put your things in here.' He is opening a door on the other side of the corridor. Ushering her in. It is presumably the changing room that the nurse said she could change in but the men wouldn't let her. A small room with a couple of chairs, on one of which Linda's clothes have been placed. She is still shaking from the shock, fear...

'Your tormentors have gone,' he says. 'I told them I thought they'd done quite enough. They'd had their fun but anything further would be out of line. I think they got the message. They could be reported for harassment of course.'

He tells her to get dressed. His name is Mr Ranbourne, Philip Ranbourne, he says. And he wants to know her name, her first name. He









is charming and friendly...but he wants Linda to go with him. To his house. A cup of coffee and a nice chat. What Linda clearly needs, he says, after what has happened, is someone to look after her. Because that sort of thing obviously can happen to a very pretty girl if she hasn't got someone looking after her.

But in spite of his charming manner...does this Mr Ranbourne want anything different from those two men? Anything different from the other men, the strangers, who from time to time accost her in the street with their barely veiled suggestions. Because there is for one thing the vivid memory of the waiting room. This man, Mr Ranbourne, doing nothing to stop the other two. While they made her strip nude and then forced her to that awful dancing — a can-can — in the nude. And after that mauling her all over...and only at the very end did he attempt to stop it. He had simply sat and watched it all, not missing a detail.

Linda tells him she has to get back to work — but he counters this by

saying he can have a word with her boss, there won't be any problem. 'So come on, my dear. Get your things on.'

There is that too. He is clearly intending to stay and watch. While Linda takes the dressing gown off and gets her things on. He has seen her already of course. Seen everything. But that doesn't really help. She bites her lip. He smiles. Steps forward and gives a little tug at the belt of the gown. 'Come on. You don't want me to go and find those other two again, do you?'

Once again Linda is in a situation where there is no choice. Her hands go to the belt. Untying it. She half turns away, as the gown parts and her ripe nude boobs spill out. Why is she worrying? she tries to tell herself. She has just been nude in front of all three men — and then there has been Dr Fitchley as well. She slips it off her shoulders, then reaches quickly for the little pile of clothes. But Mr Ranbourne immediately closes in...

'No need to be in such a hurry, Linda.' Taking her arm. Pulling her

round to face him. The big boobs are there between them, swaying heavily with Linda's sudden movement. And her full, ripe mouth, slightly open, anxious. Mr Ranbourne's two hands to go to the nude boobs. 'No need to be in a hurry, dear. Let me look...at you.'

Linda stumbles. She is pushed up against the wall. Mr Ranbourne still has hold of her tits. 'What a lovely girl,' he murmurs. 'Exquisite. And much, much too good for those dreadful common men. Oh dear me yes.'

His right hand slides down. Inevitably it seems. To the bright brown bush. The hand cupping her pussy. A gasping moan from Linda. The hand is pushing in between her soft thighs. 'Yes, much, much too good,' his soft voice repeats. Mr Ranbourne's fingers are in at her. Parting the wet lips. Where Dr Fitchley's hand was. Getting her aroused but, she hopes, not putting in the report that she is hot, overexcitable, easily aroused. But this whole experience, ever since coming in to the waiting room, has got her so that every nerve is jangling.













She is in a highly emotional state. Able to burst into tears at any moment. Or equally...Mr Ranbourne's fingers have found Linda's clitoris...and she is shuddering. Gasping. Her hips begin to thrust in a rhythmic manner. It is happening in spite of herself. She was afraid it was going to happen in the consulting room, up on that couch, but it didn't, quite. But now. She can't stop it. It is coming...

Linda comes...and bursts into tears at the same time.

\* \* \*

Mr Ranbourne says, 'I'd like to play a little game.'

They are in his house. His sitting room. It is a large expensive house in an exclusive neighbourhood. Linda and Mr Ranbourne have had some coffee here in this attractive room, Linda sitting on the settee and her host opposite. She is in her skirt and blouse again of course. Her shapely legs in the sheer nylons. All her clothes put on again in that little room at the doctors — after that awful business: Mr Ranbourne bringing her off and Linda

at the same time breaking down, sobbing. It was awful and it is pretty awful to have to sit here and drink coffee and try to act normally, relaxed, after a man has done that to you. After you have been squirming and gasping out, yelping, in his hands — like a wild animal in heat. All Linda can do is try, without a lot of success, to forget it. Mr Ranbourne has phoned her boss at work and said she won't be coming in today. Whatever he has actually said it has apparently been accepted. So...Mr Ranbourne has her for the rest of the day. If that is what he wants. What does he want?

'Yes, a little game. Pull your skirt back a bit more, Linda.'

Mr Ranbourne has already told her to pull her skirt back — so that he can admire her legs. He wants it pulled back so he can see the tops of her stockings and the suspender straps — although of course he has seen everything, and had his hands everywhere, already. Nonetheless this is what Mr Ranbourne wants. Linda has her legs crossed, also as instructed, but her skirt has inched forward. She slides it back

again...so that the whole under-curve of her thigh above the nylon top is again on view for Mr Ranbourne's delectation. He murmurs approval.

'That's better. Yes a game. Linda. I have a pretty little playsuit that you'd look quite delightful in. And the game is...well you will see.'

Mr Ranbourne gets to his feet and Linda follows suit. He has evidently had enough of her sitting there showing her stocking tops and thighs. Now it is to be this game. A playsuit...? She feels a little dart of apprehension as she follows Mr Ranbourne out of the room. He scares her in spite of his charming manner. Of course if it hadn't been for Mr Ranbourne those two men would undoubtedly have done a lot worse than they did. Screwed her probably — and maybe worse if that were possible. So she should think of that. But Linda is nonetheless scared. She suddenly remembers Gregory. She is due to see him right after work, but will Mr Ranbourne have let her go by then? Somehow she doubts it...

To be continued on page 34.





# THE OTHER GREGORY'S GIRL

Cloe was just eighteen. She was looking very frightened. And Mr Gregory was looking very cross. 'So you wanted to play first team football? So I put you in the team? And how do you repay me?' Little Cloe stood in front of him, her feet together, her hands straight by her side, shaking her head. The man stood up, pushing back his chair noisily. He pointed at her. 'You can get out. Anytime you like.' The girl remained still and tried to smile. 'I'm sorry...honestly I am...please. I'll do...anything...just so long as I can stay...' Her voice trailed off as Mr Gregory walked towards her with a determined expression on his face. 'I have a very special training session in mind for you, young lady.'

He placed his chair in the centre of the room and sat down. 'Come here.' He pointed again, this time towards the floor, a little to his right. She walked slowly towards him, her head down. 'You're a silly disobedient young girl.' He stared at her, running his eyes over her slim figure dressed in the team shirt and shorts. 'And shall I tell you what I do with silly disobedient young girls?' Cloe shook her head very slightly. Mr Gregory ignored her. 'I take down their shorts, put them across my knees and smack their bottoms.'

The girl was shocked by the man's words and stepped back, away from him. 'Oh. Oh no...oh no. Please...' The team coach stood up again. 'Alright. Get out then.' The girl turned and ran to the door, left it open, and scampered across the tarmac to her bike. Gregory closed the door quite nonchalantly. If she didn't come back, she wouldn't be missed. He didn't want that sort of girl in the team; and if she did,

come back, he'd give her bottom such a tanning she wouldn't dare play badly again.

Only half an hour later, a flushed and embarrassed figure knocked softly on Gregory's door. She was still in her football kit. 'Please. I've come back. I...I do want to play...' He made her stand in front of him, with her hands placed on her head as he lectured her about her performance of the field. 'You got your place in the team because you promised to work. There are plenty of other girls you know?' He looked up at the eighteen year old's face. 'You're a naughty disobedient silly little girl, Cloe, and do you know what I'm going to do about it? Right now?' Blushing prettily, she nodded, biting her lower lip with her apprehension welling up inside her. 'I'm going to take down your shorts and then I'm going to smack your bottom. Your bare bottom.'

Cloe accepted the inevitable. She lowered herself across the man's knee, acknowledging that she would have to take her punishment if she was to stay in the team. She closed her eyes as her body lurched forward, right over the man's lap, her loose hair falling forward and brushing against the floor. And then she felt his cold dry hands, holding her wrists together in the small of her back; and his other hand tugging at her little shorts. Pulling them and her knickers right down, so that her bottom was completely exposed. In no time at all, her little knickers were nestling inside-out around her knees, and her shirt had been rucked up well above her waist. 'This is on behalf of all your team-mates, Cloe...' Mr Gregory raised his large hand and gave the pretty rounded rump a firm slap. He heard the girl

give a little gasp, an expression of embarrassment perhaps; and of discomfort too; and surprise.

He smacked her again and watched the pink rash spring up across the curve of her bottom cheek. Cloe's response was another little gasp. A little louder and more urgent, this time. A third smack landed across the firm, gently wobbling bare buttocks. This time she responded with a more urgent 'Ooooooh!' The man paused for a few seconds, moving her slightly across his lap so that her bared bottom was more tightly upturned and her shorts and knickers pulled down even further. And then, his arm encircling her little waist and holding her down across his lap so firmly, he proceeded to really tan her. Soundly and firmly. She gasped and yelled and even kicked, in as much as the tangle of her knickers and shorts would allow, as smack upon smack landed across her bottom; He settled into a relaxed paced motion, intending to smack every square inch of the bottom bared so prettily and enticingly in front of him. As the stinging in her bottom really began to take effect, Cloe started to plead with him. She promised she would be good. She told him she'd learnt her lesson. But Mr Gregory just continued. He had promised himself that he would teach her a real lesson. On this sunny quiet Sunday morning, early in the season, he was going to tan the hell out of your Cloe's cheeky little rump. So he ignored her pleas, promises and protestations and set about his task with determination and concentration. Nothing else mattered at that moment. All he could see and feel was an eighteen year old's lithe form, wriggling across his knee, and a wobbling bobbing bared bot-



tom rising up to meet his every smack, quivering in pink and crimson after his every slap.

And occasionally, as the girl's legs scissored in response to the burning sting of her bottom, he noticed little dark-brown curls nestling just where Cloe wished he couldn't see.

As he went on smacking, Gregory considered the firm lithe figure draped across him. Cloe was a healthy girl, and very fit. There was very little flabby fat on young Cloe, and none around the region of her bottom. Her cheeks responded with a healthy tantalising firmness as his hand impacted across her curves; and where her cheeks curved down to her thighs he appreciated the strong slim nature of her long limbs. He knew his smacking would hurt her. It was ment to. She had come back to apologise and to face her punishment. But she was strong and healthy. Her bottom would recover, very quickly. And then, he thought to himself, it would be just perfect for a firm slap application of his thin pliable cane.

Cloe was out of breath when Gregory finally stopped his smacking. She stumbled to her feet, almost overbalancing as her hands searched for her knickers. 'Don't bother,' he told her. 'You won't need them for a while.' In fact, as if the bottom-tanning hadn't been bad enough, and embarrassing too, he made her take her shorts and knickers right off. Right there, in front of him. She tried to turn away from him, to preserve some modesty, as she struggled to untangle her knickers from her ankles. But he made her stand up again, to face him, her hands back on her head; so that he could see everything beneath the hem of her very brief shirt.

Cloe nearly died of embarrassment when Gregory told her to go out onto the pitch. Standing there, in the middle of the football pitch, wearing just her shirt. She prayed that no-one would see her. That none of the villagers would be exercising their dogs at that particular moment. He threw the football to her. 'Some exercises, young lady. Stand feet astride and hold the ball above you.' She obeyed, her shirt

rising even further above her waist as she lifted the football high above her head. 'Now bend forward and place the ball on the ground between your feet...' He watched carefully as she bent forward, her bare bottom sticking out and up, so prominently. 'Don't let go of it. Hold it there.' He counted to ten. 'And now lift it back up again. Back up above your head.' Again he watched, critically, as she raised herself into a standing position and then lifted the ball well up above her head. 'Do it again.' She bent forward again. 'Stay down, young lady. I shall be back in a minute.' She stood there, legs apart, bent double, her hands holding the football between her feet.

Gregory was back in less than a minute, with a thin pliable cane in his hand. 'When you feel my cane, I shall expect you to run with the ball as far as the goal mouth and back. Any longer than twenty seconds will earn you further strokes...' Cloe tried to protest at the injustice and unfairness of the request, but before she could open her mouth, the cane landed painfully across her up-turned bottom cheeks. She yelled, and took off as fast as she could run, towards the distant goal-mouth. She was back, fighting to control her breath, in a very short while. 'Twenty-three seconds, young lady. Place the ball on the ground.' She bent forward again. 'Three seconds slow. Three strokes to come...' He caned her as she stood there, still clutching the ball and staring at the wet grass. She yelled as the cane bit so painfully into her bottom.

'Sprinting practice is called for, I think, young lady.' Gregory told her to crouch down, in the correct starting position. 'A quick sprint, young lady. Down to the farther goal mouth and back.' He tapped the cane across her tightly-curved rump. 'On your marks...get set...' He brought the cane down firmly across Cloe's bottom with a crack not dissimilar to a starting pistol. The girl squeaked loudly, and set off down the pitch like a bullet from the said gun. Gregory watched her, with her long slim legs, her reddened bottom, and those bare cheeks jostling as she ran. And as she returned, he watched the sexy contortions of her pubic bush, as she approached him. 'Alright. Not

too bad, I suppose.' Cloe was out of breath. She was taking deep gulps of air to try to control her respiration.

'Throwing practice now, young lady.' Gregory looked round for a target. 'Take your shirt off.' She stared at him, her mouth gaping open. 'Whaa..?' He repeated his order. 'Take your shirt off, Cloe. Put it down on the ground, twenty paces from here and then come back.' She hesitated. 'Do it NOW, Cloe...' She shrugged her pretty shoulders and began her final disrobing, unpeeling her shirt so that she was standing there, in the middle of the open football field, in front of the man, absolutely naked. She grabbed at the shirt and ran twenty measured paces down the field, placing it on the ground. 'Hurry up, young lady. Run for it!' Cloe scampered back as fast as she could, her little breasts bobbing up and down as she jogged towards him. He threw the ball to her again, making her stretch to catch it. 'Hold it above your head.' She lifted it again, and her firm pert nipples rose upwards too, as she held her arms aloft. 'Now throw it at your shirt.' She threw it well, but gasped aloud at the exertion. The ball just grazed the shirt.

'Right. Another ten times like that, young lady. And a stroke of the cane each time you miss.'

Cloe earned a further four strokes of the thin cane as she attempted her target practice. Each stroked hissed with frightful sibilance through the fresh morning air to impact so painfully across her bottom. She yelled loudly as each stroke arrived, and jumped wildly, attempting to ease the pain. And then Gregory made her work through a seemingly endless routine of physical exercise, in which she touched her toes, crouched, jumped astride, and forced her body into a whole host of other revealing movements. At last, he allowed her to rest. She fell exhausted onto the grass, not caring that the wet grass and the mud would stick to her bare skin. 'Five minutes, young lady. Then take a shower. Get back into your kit and report to me in my office.' He walked away from her, towards the clubhouse, the cane dangling menacingly from his right hand.



Within one week the whole situation had changed. Dramatically. Seven days ago, Sybil had been the one who was in charge. It was she who gave orders in the office and the other girls, especially Helen had had to jump to it.

Foolishly, her own carelessness had inspired the cunning Helen to get the upper hand and now the other girl with the knowledge she had regarding Sybil also held the key whereby she was able to dictate anything she liked of the luckless woman. They were both nearing twenty one years of age. They were both blonde and they were both remarkably attractive, especially so was Sybil attracted to Helen. The dominant Helen had a few scores to settle with the once proud and demanding Sybil and she was going to exact her brand of dominance with a vengeance.

Her instructions to the demoralised Sybil had been very explicit and very precise. At first Sybil could not believe her ears and she had even tried to dissuade Helen from demanding such a course, but the domnitrex had been adamant. The reversal of roles could not have suited the natural dominant Helen better. Whatever she wanted from Sybil, then the luckless woman would have to comply. It was that, or else? No matter what, there was no way that Sybil would have preferred the or else!

It was to be the first weekend that Sybil was to pay the demeaning price for her stupidity in letting Helen get her hands on the knowledge that was to give Helen the holding power over her. The luckless blonde had offered Helen 'anything' else rather than the outlined programme that Helen assured her she was to adopt. Horrified, Sybil had listened to the terms and horrified she had been forced to accept and agree. Now in a state of pure terror at what the weekend was about to bring upon her, she made her way to the remote garden area that would have only two inhabitants whilst Helen proved just how much power she had over the shapely senior woman in the office.

The idea had temporarily entered Sybil's head to make a full report and thereby confess, but that was probably even worse than having to prove submissive to the dominant Helen. Helen's method of retaining silence was too awful for words, but the ultimatum of making a full confession was a hundred times worse. It was unthinkable and with shuddering haste, Sybil dismissed it from her mind. She would just

# REVERSED SITUATION



# DESREVER NOITAUTIS

have to accept and submit in a very obedient manner the whims of the cruel Helen.

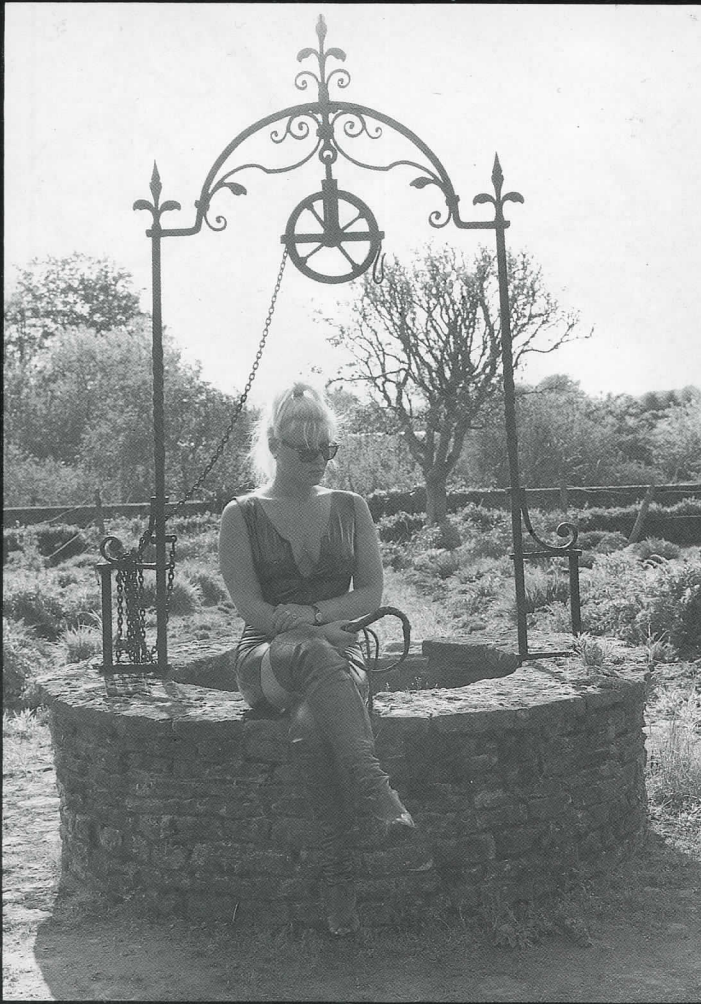
Constantly her mind recalled her own resolve in the matter. No matter what, submit and obey. Obeisently and without thinking to argue or protest. She must not plead for leniency because Helen did not have leniency as one of her trademarks. Anyway, if she begged for softer treatment, Helen would not give it and her pleasure would be made all that much greater by knowing that Sybil was begging without the softer treatment being an option.

Her cheeks were still burning a deep beetroot red from the embarrassment and humiliation her whole being was suffering from at the thought of what she knew she would be expected to do and how she would be expected to behave for the domnitrex. By the tone of Helen's instructions, the clipped sentences of the woman's promises, Sybil knew that she was in for a most shameful weekend, and this shame would be emphasised by a very painful interlude that was to include her bared bottom. That was the thing that worried her most. There was no mistake that she was to suffer a spanking on her bare behind. Helen had epitomised that as one of the actions that Sybil was to suffer. A hard and long spanking, was one of the phrases that Helen had used. Among other things!!

As she recalled the voice of Helen, so Sybil moaned aloud although she was alone at this moment. She saw the small lodge that was sited some fifty yards from the exclusive grounds that formed a garden. In that garden, Sybil knew that Helen waited. She drove onto a grass verge so that her small car was half hidden in the trees then slipped into the confines of the lodge. Her fingers trembled helplessly as she slowly unzipped the tight fitting dress and then she was thumbing it down her legs to form a pool of cloth at her feet. Thank God the sun was shining, she thought. The brassiere, briefs were soon with her dress and she tried not to look in the mirror that hung on the wall. Except for her high heeled shoes, Sybil was quite, quite naked. Goose pimples caused by her inward fear, danced crazily up and down her legs and arms but as she coyly opened the lodge door, the sun played the natural pricking goose pimples back into her soft, smooth skin.

Her hair was cut so that it came to a





point just below her shoulders and the hair now fanned out to form a blonde cape from her crown to the back itself. As she approached the trees that formed nature's arch to the entrance, she saw the twisted face of Helen waiting for her. A shock wave of renewed fear and disbelief flowed like stabbing spears through her slim, svelte smooth body. Helen was adorned in a very commanding style of high thigh length leather boots and a leather one piece tight fitting dress. The thigh boots came up sufficiently to leave an expanse of thigh exposed between the tops of the boots themselves and the hem of the tight fitting and to Sybil's mind, awesome mode of apparel. But the fact that the dress itself was opened at the upper torso made Sybil quail all the same. Helen's breasts, full and proud were exposed as were the fully ripe nipples that had already sprung out fully and charged it seemed with intent to make themselves well known to the inwardly cringing Sybil. Another choking sob threatened to leave Sybil's mouth as she felt more and more defenceless as she approached the half sneering domnitrex.

As Sybil arrived on the spot where Helen waited, the other girl turned and led her through the gate. She was now

in the area that Helen had assured her she would learn humility of the deepest kind. She saw the well set in the middle of the first garden plot and then Helen turned to her. Sybil was not expecting it when Helen's hand flashed out to get a hard grip on the cringing girl's tresses. She slowly and forcefully eased her hand down and Sybil gasped out as she discovered her knees buckling and her body went down, down until she was in a fully crouched position and she reached out with her left hand in a natural reaction to remove the wrist that had grabbed her hair.

'Get your hands off me,' Helen snapped furiously.

The tone alone was sufficient to correct the movement and although Sybil winced and pulled a face, she hastily obeyed the demanding command. In that state of crouching she was led to the well.

Sybil was now standing some twelve inches from the brickwork.

'Get your hands on the stonework,' Helen told her.

She was further warned to keep her legs straight but putting her hands as in-

structed caused her body to bend.

'Push this out,' the next snapping tone curtly ordered.

Sybil's blushing cheeks deepened as she miserably and slowly eased the cheeks of her bottom into the thrusting state demanded by Helen.

This was only the beginning and already her mind and body were responding to the abhorrence of this naked attitude she was being made to adopt.

She hated having to stay like this and horror of horrors, Helen was actually playing with the cheeks of her bottom. Not spanking them, but actually fondling and feeling the rounded cherubic nates as freely as she liked.

Sybil ached to protest and beg the other woman not to do this. It was too shameful, too horrible to have to stay so nakedly postured and let her fondle her behind like this.

She gasped when a generous portion of her nate was taken between fingers and thumb to be squeezed into a pinch and she let Helen know that she could feel the reactive stab of pain by hiss





ing tightly through her teeth.

So the other nate was pinched and this made Sybil hiss yet again. Oh please, don't spank me...please...please...I'll do anything you want but please don't spank my bottom, she quietly begged and prayed.

Her silent prayers were immediately confounded because there was a loud splat and that was the instant that Helen's palm came down onto the right buttock. The dominant Helen smiled when she saw the cheeks clenching tightly in reaction to the sting that her handprint had left on that one nate. She

raised her hand. A little harder this time. The other cheek was equally reddened by just the outline of Helen's hand after she had brought it down forcibly on the waiting but unwilling bottom.

'Ah!' just the one sound came from the surprised and shamefilled girl's mouth.

Oh Lord, this was awful. It was too shameful, too mortifying and she felt that she should not be subjected to such humiliating treatment. It just was not at all dignified to have to stand posing like this and let another woman spank your bare bottom. It made her feel like

a naughty child and she was certainly a long way from being a kid.

There was another splat and she yanked her head up as the shock of the sting caused by the hand striking her bottom helped her feel even more uncomfortable...then the hand was taking up the motion in real earnest. Up and down, up and down, spank...spank...spank...and every time the palm smacked down, so her bottom became a little redder and the sting became a little more harsher.

Helen was able to stand there, her left hand holding Sybil's head and her right











causing the motivated pain that was in turn inducing the projected writhing and this added to the attraction of Sybil. Just standing there, both feet planted firmly on the ground, and her hips now making the motion of writhing from side to side with each smack that her bottom received. Gradually, slowly but most certainly assuredly, the whole of the rounded nates took on a different colour. From milky creamy colour to a shaded pink and then that pink giving way to a much deeper red. The whole inflamed pair of buttocks were dancing about crazily.

'Ohhhhaager...' her voice was a plain-

tive shriek that was complaining about the hot pain and also a begging sound for the spanking to cease...

But Helen could easily turn a deaf ear to such imploring tones. This was a sound that instead of making her stop only seemed to add impetus to her intent to continue!

The buttocks were now well and truly writhing and Sybil could not stand up. The contrary reaction was demanded by the spanking Helen, because she was able to force the head down even further and soon the pain filled buttocks were protruding even more roundly

because now the wretched woman was bending over so that her body was at a right angled posture.

The thighs were now dancing with the stimulated heat radiating out from every inch of the very hot buttocks. How could Helen do this to her? She must know that there is a limit to what a person can take! She felt that she could not take much more of this intensely hot pain and her legs danced, her bottom wriggled and jived about uncontrollably as Helen seemed to be just about getting into her stride!

Each hard smack was now followed by









higher pitched tones of Sybil's response.

Spank...spank...spank...spank...spank  
...spank...spank...

'Oh...aggher...yeeeoowww...please  
...oh please...my poor bottom...it  
hurt's...please...no more...I'm  
sorry...I'll be good in future....I'll be  
very obedient...I swear  
it...anything...my bottom...my bot-  
tom...please don't spank it anymore.'

The crazed sharp pitched statements were made in all sincerity by Sybil. As she felt added heat, added pain, she was certain that there was nothing that Helen could ask her to do that she would not prefer to do right now. Her skin was very, but very hot. Even Helen had to take a few moments respite and she blew cool air onto her stinging palms.

'Stay there,' she snapped when she thought Sybil was about to move. Sybil remained bending right over, her body heaving wretched sobs of shame, of pain and the sense of deep disgrace that she was suffering. It had been terrible having to stay bending like that whilst Helen smacked her bottom so harshly.

The domnitrex was now standing immediately behind the burning cheeks and she was able to critically examine the patch work mottled redness of the hot buttocks which were still twitching uncontrollably.

Inadvertently, Sybil had unwittingly placed her feet apart and with the full thrust of her bottom which Helen insisted she retain, she was now revealing more than she realised. The soft valley of her vulva was quite openly on view to the smiling Helen. That area would have to wait for a while! That would have to wait until they got back to the Lodge!! She had a nice thin cane back there and she was sure that the switchy stick would help Sybil to realise that there was a lot more in obedience than just bending over and having her bum spanked.

With her hand smacking the delicious balloons, Sybil had promised 'Anything' but Helen was certain that once back in the lodge, with Sybil making full and obeisant little gestures, and with the switchy stick being applied across those lovely buttocks, the girl would positively beg to be allowed to do 'anything'!!

Helen had a distinctly acute and well

attuned mind to what she considered an attractive woman like Sybil could do and be made to do too. It is surprising she thought how a shapely torso like Sybil's can soon be made responsive to the most outlandish demands of a domnitrex like Helen.

'Stay as you are,' Helen reminded the now quietly sobbing Sybil.

The bending woman could not help but jump when she felt Helen's hand testing the temperature of her hot skin.

'Stay still,' Helen seemed displeased.

Her displeasure took the course of spanking the inflamed cheeks yet again.

'Yaag...oh lord...nooo,' Sybil dutifully shrieked.

She could not jump up because Helen's

hand was pushing her all the way down. When she felt the palms spanking down on her thighs, Sybil really did dance about. This was a different pain on a different area but the sensitive skin of her thighs responded to the sharp spanking palm as Helen discovered the new area...

'Alright...now we shall go back to the lodge...the afternoon has only just started as far as you are concerned young lady. Get into the crouching position again.'

Sybil, sobbing and feeling the heated ignition of pain on her bottom and now the tops of her thighs, knew she just had to prove obedience...there was no way she was going to cause Helen any displeasure...no way at all...what Helen wanted then Helen was going to have to have...Sybil hated this and wanted only to go home!





Dear Editor,

Compliments, compliments and more compliments.

Blushes is the most beautiful magazine ever produced in the field of punishment and humiliation of girls. Very wonderful. Issue 46, for me, is the top issue, in this number you have arranged to two sexy models, a session in a gym, a session very exciting. Very good the photos and very good the story too. Please more of this, more of punishment pt. (running on the spot barefoot — march on the spot — cycling legs in the air — or on a bike for exercises). Many people I'm sure, wish to see girls (sexy and pouting) put through strenuous sessions of punishment pt., sweating for the exercises. The sterner punishment for me is just this, when a sexy model is marshalled, drilled by a leering man, compelled to strip herself entirely before him and ordered to perform punitive exertions at flick of tawse (an implement curling around her bottom and thighs if she runs on the spot). She could be instructed to dance some punitive dance (samba, can can, performing high kicks in the air, pussy in clear view).

Please therefore Blushes continue so and other CP magazines can stop their publication because only Blushes is the best seller.

I hope you can made a video on punishment pt. (one or more girls in detention) for the happiness of all your readers.

Blushes you are the best.

Thank you very much.

**Frank, Italy**

**P.S.** Some months ago I sent some photos of my 'adoptee' Rosalba, one on the bed, barefoot and others in body and stockinged feet (without shoes) running on the spot. The first photo is published in Feedback, so I hope you will print that of Rosalba running on the spot in the next issue.

Dear Sir,

Although your spanking photos and stories are rather good, may I request we see more of girls in your

# LETTERS

magazine being spanked with a plimsoll, more slipperings in other words; as I say girls being spanked with a plimsoll and not a house slipper on their up-turned bottoms also more 'slipper' stories. The P.E. slipper that is worn in a gymnasium.

Thank you in anticipation.

**Mr T., Palmers Green**

Dear Sir,

I am often surprised at the number of letters that tend to direct you in what to print and what to publish. There has been a tendency for writers to attempt to 'instruct' rather than request. Surely, in a world where so many readers are involved, it is tantamount to effrontery to suggest that you as publishers should have to respond to the direction of 'one reader'. As far as I am concerned, you can print what you like, when you like and how you like. I would not be so presumptuous as to suggest you do anything else or any other way than what you are already doing.

**Jeremy F. Herts**

Dear Editor,

Why can I not purchase photographs separately of the many pictures that portray the lovely models in Blushes?

**Anthony H., Aldershot**

**Editor:** We receive many such letters Anthony and we have to explain that the reproduction, packaging and despatching would make the whole thing prohibitive. That is how things stand at the moment. One of our staff came up with the bright idea that if you really want separate pictures of a particular model, then why not buy an extra copy of the magazine which you would not mind cutting up. That way you would have the best of both worlds. You would be able to extract any picture you wanted and still have a complete mag! Much cheaper in the long run.

Dear Sir,

I must write to compliment you on

the production of Uniform Girls 31 it's a masterpiece of erotic spanking art, featuring as it does uniforms, nurses, a young girl in school knickers and above all a superb series of photographs which take us right through the spanking experience from seeing the frilly clothed demure young lady at the start, through the slow revelation of knicker clad bottoms, to the spanking of round naked buttocks.

Jackie and Angela the two nurses are very attractive young women and Kim the girl very appealing. The very best sequence of shots was of Angela in 'Private Practice,' and the slow preparation of her from standing to leaning over the desk to the raising of her skirt and lowering of knickers is marvellous.

The preparation of the woman is very important, and my now regular spankings of my wife always begin with her fully and demurely dressed. She gets very aroused by the preliminaries, from my fondling her skirted behind to my bending her over a table and drawing up her skirt. She says the feeling of being so exposed and the cool air on her bum after the warm skirt are, delicious, and it does a lot for me too!

I also have a request for you. I was recently very lucky to get hold of an early copy of Blushes No. 17 and it too is magnificent. In particular in the story 'Oh Mr Porter' it features a stunningly attractive girl called Melissa. The photographs of her in PE vest and blue knickers are really mouth watering especially the one on page 27 and the superb colour one on page 29.

I am sure that many other readers would be delighted to see her, so could you perhaps rerun a sequence of shots of her or just print a few in the letters section?

The quality of Blushes 17 testifies to the continuously high standard of your magazines.

Yours,

**Andrew T., Middlesex**

Dear Sir,

You may recall that I wrote to you



in May 1987 and the letter which was kindly printed in Supplement No. 19 concerned the brilliance of Supplement No. 18. Since that date, you have not quite reached such a standard of excellence, but I have continued to purchase all your publications. 'The Whippet Club' in Blushes 39; Join the Dots in Blushes 45; 'An Appointment with an Inspector' in Blushes 43; have all come very close to the peak of Supplement No. 18 whilst the cover photo of Uniform 23 is superb.

I therefore read with interest your trailer contained in Uniform Girls No. 30 concerning the content of Blushes 46 and I am pleased to say that your forecast proved accurate. Since you achieved the masterpiece of Supplement No. 18, Blushes No. 46 must rank as one on a similar level of excellence. The idea of a continuous storyline appealed to me and, when I saw the quality of the photographs, I consider that you have reached a new height in CP publications. The idea of young married women being subjected to punishment and humiliation as a basis of the story was one which I had suggested in my closing paragraph of my letter, whilst the tale of the two women could, dare we hope, be continued.

However, taking up the request of D. Sparks in Uniform 31, I would like to suggest the following regime of humiliation and punishment for his au pair.

1. As he has already mentioned, the girl has undertaken to comply with all instructions without question.

2. Her punishment would last all day from Saturday morning until late Saturday evening and she would first be instructed to remove all her clothing and informed that, for nearly the whole time of her punishment, she would be kept naked.

3. The day would commence at 6.00 am when she would undergo a strenuous two hour session of PT. which would be undertaken nude in the outdoors and which would include running on the spot with arms held aloft; laying on her back and cycling her legs; carrying heavy weights from one side of the garden to the other; carrying a heavy pack on her back and

being forced to run at full speed around the perimeter of the garden, finishing off with 60 squat thrusts and press ups. All these exercises to be done in front of D. Sparks who armed with a thin cane, would use it to ensure that she put the requisite amount of effort into the P.T.

4. After a shower in freezing cold water, the girl would be taken to a room where she would be required to hook both feet over a beam set some 3 feet 6 inches from the floor and, with legs spread wide apart, forced to take her weight upon her hands. In this position, exposing all of her normally hidden charms, she would be given 18 strokes of a leather tawse across bottom cheeks and thighs from Mr Sparks.

5. She would then be given a breakfast comprising of a strictly and rigidly controlled dietary intake. However, this would not seemt he rest that it may appear for, whilst eating breakfast, she would be seated upon a chair from which the seat had been cut and below the opening would be placed an electric heater which would serve to aggravate her reddened bottom and thighs.

6. Having spent an uncomfortable time eating breakfast, the au pair would then have to undertake domestic duties, still naked, involving cleaning and polishing floors on hands and knees and other domestic chores. At all times she would be subject to Mr Sparks caning or tawsing her for lack of effort.

7. She would not be allowed any lunch or break, but would be kept at her tasks until 3.00 p.m. when she would again be given a shower in freezing cold water.

8. The girl would then be returned to her room and allowed to rest until 6.00 p.m. when she would be summoned to the main dining room and, wearing a very abbreviated maid's costume comprising only of a short black dress and wearing no other garment, she would have to serve dinner to Mr Sparks and three of his friends.

9. After the meal, a game of cards would take place. However, not the normal type of game, but something a little different. She

would be given part of a pack of cards from which every card of five or below had been removed, whilst the face cards were kept in a separate pack.

Each Black face card would represent a part of the girl's body to be punished as follows:

A Black King — the girl's bottom.  
A Black Queen — the inner thighs.  
A Black Jack — the girl's thighs.  
A Black Ace — the girl's breasts.

Each Red face card would have the following instruments allocated to it.

A Red King — the cane.  
A Red Queen — a six tailed martinet.  
A Red Jack — a riding crop.  
A Red Ace — a two tailed leather tawse.

She would then offer the pack of face cards to one of the four people present who would choose two cards, one for the instrument and one for the site of punishment. This would then show the instrument which would be used and on what part of her body. The other cards would then be offered and, after each guest and Mr Sparks had taken one card, the values would be totalled and this would then be the number of strokes from the chosen instrument.

One can imagine the distress and terror on the face of the young lady if she is forced to watch the drawing of a Black Ace followed by a Red Queen and then sees two eights, a six and a ten drawn from the next set of cards. Mr Sparks would then administer the prescribed punishment.

10. After the poor girl has suffered the torment, she would then be compelled to present herself to each person so that they could examine and see the results. She would then be sent to bed, possibly to await Mr Sparks' personal attentions.

I have just realised how long this letter is but I have been carried away by the prospect of Mr Sparks' enjoyment. Oh!! To be there to watch it!!!

Yours faithfully,

W.R.B., Clwyd







They go into a plain, brightly-lit little room. There is not much furniture, a settee along one side and a high wooden stool out in the centre. The floor is bare. On the settee is a camera — and something pink. It must be...

Yes. Mr Ranbourne picks it up. 'Here we are. Get your things off, my dear. And put this on.' He gives her the pink playsuit and reaches down at the far end of the settee and comes up with a pair of shoes. Black, flat-heeled, strap-over shoes. Also a pair of white ankle socks. 'These and the suit. Nice eh?'

Linda doesn't answer. The playsuit is a one-piece of brief shorts and top, of thin cotton. It doesn't look too outrageous. But what is the game? Mr Ranbourne's hand reaches to squeeze her bottom. 'Get it on, dear.'

Another undressing session in front of male eyes. Not nice, but Linda is thinking mostly of what the game can be. She gets her thighs off — under Mr Ranbourne's keenly observing eyes and not without attention from his hands. Nude, she

grabs the suit on as quickly as she can, stepping into it and pulling it up and over her shoulders. Over the big boobs. There are buttons at the front, and a matching belt. It is a revealing suit but not desperately way out. The bottom part is tight over her ripe bottom and short — but not ultra-short; not one of those things that barely cover a girl's crotch, her pussy. And the top — well again it is tight over Linda's heavy boobs, clearly showing their shape and the outline of her large nipples. But...but what is the game? She pulls on the ankle socks and shoes. The latter are rather like schoolgirl shoes.

'Super!' Mr Ranbourne says. His hand gropes Linda's bottom and then her tits. 'Absolutely super. Don't you think? Now I want you up on the stool. Kneeling. I'm going to take some pictures.'

Linda kneels on a towel on the wooden stool. Mr Ranbourne has the camera. 'Stick them out, dear. Those lovely big thighs. Shoulders back and stick them out. And a nice smile...' Click. Click.

Is this the game? It is not really a game.

'Lovely! Get down now.' Mr Ranbourne has a smug smile on his face. As Linda climbs down he goes to put the camera back on the settee. He comes back...with a large pair of scissors in his hand. Cutting-out scissors. Linda flinches as Mr Ranbourne flashes them in front of her face. Snapping them open and closed.

'Do you know what the Japanese used to do with their prisoners, Linda? Tie them up very tight in the nude and then snip bits of them off, with a sharp knife or scissors.' He snaps the scissors again.

Linda gives a little squeal of fright. Mr Ranbourne laughs. He is kneeling down in front of her. 'I'm not going to do that of course. Or at least I hope I'm not. I'm going to snip the playsuit.'

She squeals again. The cold of the scissors is against her leg. Going up the leg of the suit. Where the side seam is. Linda hears it crunch into the material. She gives a little







whimper of fright. Her knees start to tremble. The scissors are crunching on up. 'Please...don't...' she whimpers. Somehow having the suit cut while she is wearing it is extremely frightening. The fear that it is going to cut her — but also the very fact of the suit being cut like this...

Mr Ranbourne just laughs, a giggling sound of pleasure. The scissors crunch right up to the waist of the suit. Then he is round at the other side. The same there. The shorts are cut open up to her waist on either side. 'And now, Linda...' From the waist he begins to cut down. Diagonally across from her hip in a straight line to Linda's crotch.

'Must be careful, eh?' His voice tight with excitement. The cold scissors proceeding across Linda's belly. 'No!' she yelps out. 'Please don't...'

'Just keep still. Or it might...cut...' The scissor points have reached her crotch. She squeals...as the points are in her pussy hair. Snipping it. 'No!' She can't keep still, her legs are like rubber. But if she doesn't...Mr Ranbourne is telling her to open her legs. So that he can get in between...

She feels almost sick. Holding on to Mr Ranbourne's shoulder for support with her legs now spread and the scissors in there. Right there. Crunch...Crunch...Right where her pussy is.

The hand, and the scissors, come out. The flap of cloth is dangling between her legs. Mr Ranbourne is starting on the other side, Linda's other hip. The scissors...oh Jesus...and then at the back. A cut down from her hip at the back; but going more or less straight across first...to where the cleft of Linda's buttocks begins, and then down. So that the whole of the bottom cheek will be bare. Down to where the end of the other cut is...between her legs.

When Mr Ranbourne has done this and the double-ended piece of material is completely cut off he does the same at the other side. That comes off too. There is nothing left of the playsuit below the waist except a thin strip at the back which has slid in between her legs. In front there is a brief triangle of







the pink material running to virtually nothing at her crotch where pussy hair is springing out at either side.

Mr Ranbourne admires his handiwork. 'How about that?' His hand takes hold of what is left of the suit at the back where it starts to go in between Linda's bottom-cheeks. Yanking it tight. She yelps out...as what is left between her legs pulls tight up into the lips of her pussy.

Mr Ranbourne wants pictures of course. All kinds. Kneeling on the stool and bending over it. Lying on the floor with her legs in the air. In every conceivable position in fact. When finally he puts the camera down is that the end of this dreadful game? No, it isn't. The scissors are out again. This time...it is Linda's boobs. Making a frightening insertion underneath the left one and the cold sttl is in there. Crunch...crunch...again. In a circle. A large one because the boob in question is large. A large circular hole cut through which Linda's magnificent nude boob juts out. And then of course the other one.

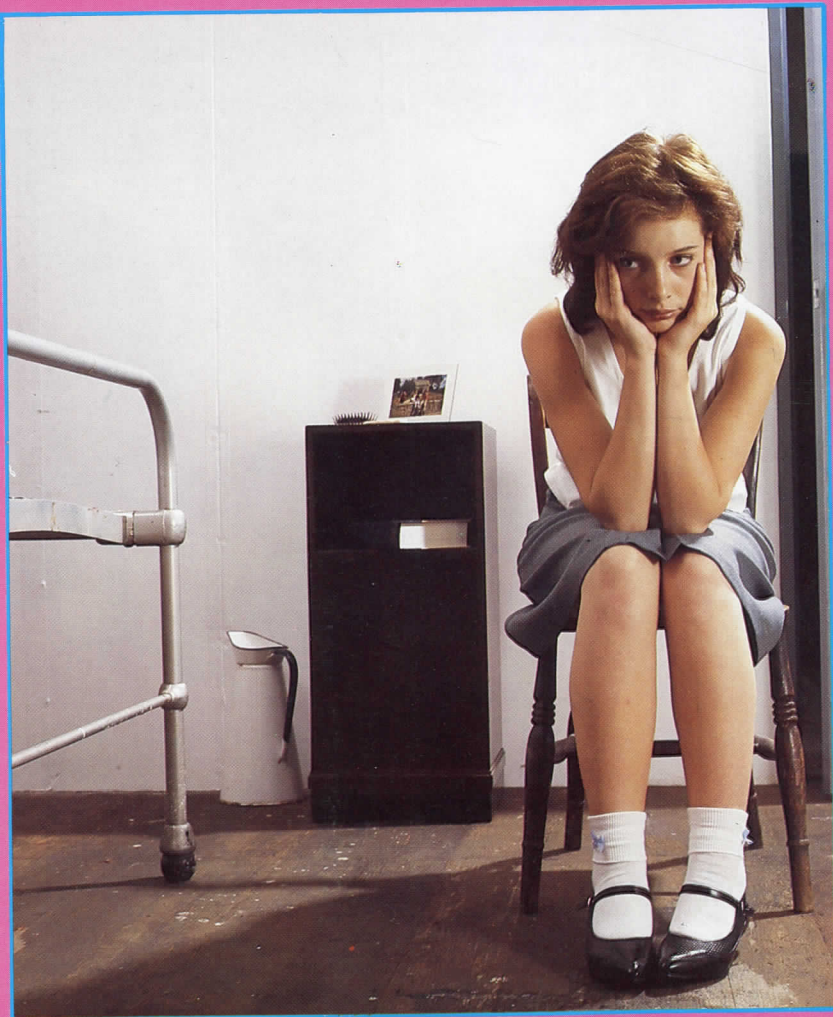




'How's that?' Mr Ranbourne asks, eyes alight. His hands at them, at the big nipples. Bringing them up. Stiff 'How's that!'









# GAMES IN A PLAYSUIT CONT.



## REHABILITATION CENTRE

The camera is going: Click...Click...Click. As Linda is forced to assume pose after pose. In what is left of the pink playsuit. Her big tits thrusting out of the holes cut in the front, her crotch virtually bare, her bottom completely bare except for the narrow strip left between the ripely swelling cheeks. Kneeling up on the high stool. Bending over it: face down and then face up. On the bare boards of the floor. On hands and knees. Lying on her back. Her legs spread, or up in the air. Mr Ranbourne seems to have an inexhaustible imagination when it comes to thinking of poses. Poses which reveal a girl's body, its most intimate parts, in the most intimate of detail.

At last, though, he is finally content. Presumably because there aren't any more positions in which Linda can exhibit that ripely female form. 'Yes, that will do. An absolutely marvellous set of shots. I can't wait to get them developed.'

What now? Can she perhaps go?





Linda standing in the dreadful cut-away playsuit, drained emotionally and physically can think only of going home. What time is it anyway? There is Gregory expecting to see her at five. Has Mr Ranbourne finished now he's got all those awful shots in his camera? Haltingly Linda asks, 'C...can I go now...please Mr Ranbourne?'

He smiles at her...and takes hold of one of Linda's tits. 'Not in a hurry to leave, are we? I should have thought you would be quite happy here, playing out little games. Posing for pretty pictures. Mmmm? Rather than being out in the streets which I'm sure are full of characters like those two this morning. A pretty girl must get a lot of that sort of business, eh? A pretty girl with these lovely big things.' His two hands mound her tits.

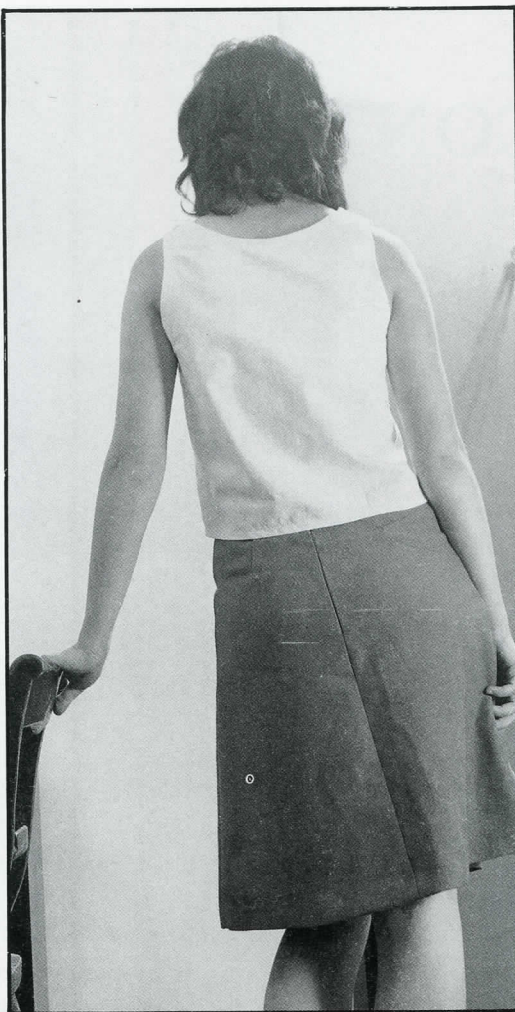
Mr Ranbourne repeats the question when Linda doesn't answer. Biting her lip she reluctantly says, 'Yes, sometimes...not as bad as that though.' The truth is of course that Mr Ranbourne has been just as bad as the two men. Doing just as bad things: the only difference is that there is only him to see and not

three men.

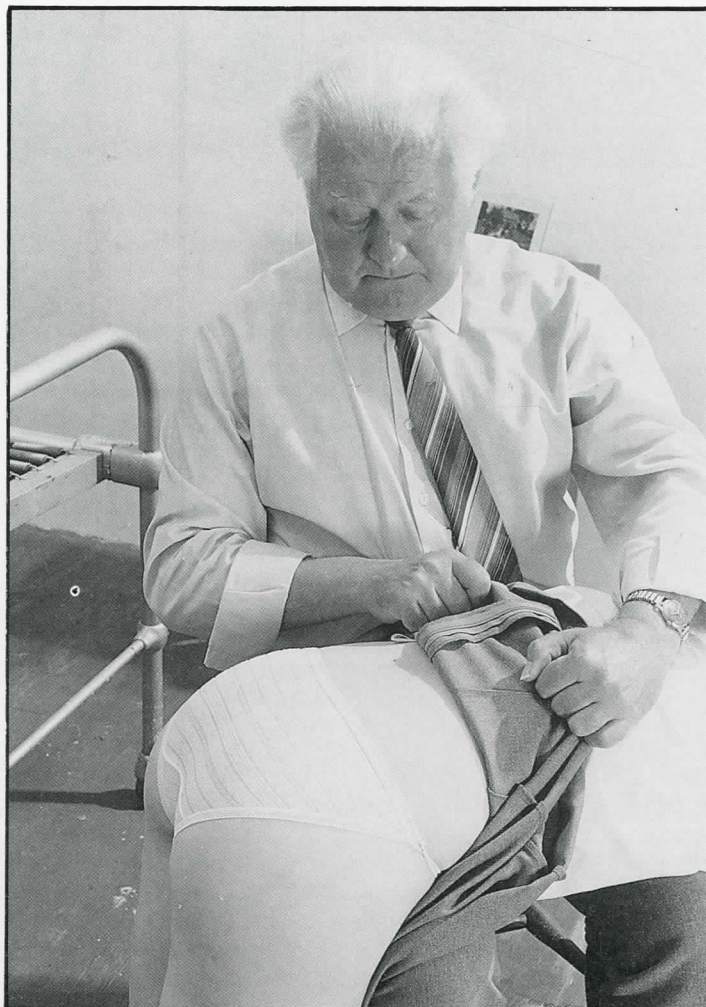
Mr Ranbourne says, 'I happen to have the names and addresses of those two characters. They wanted to send in a report, to the Records Office. They wanted me to sign it. Actually I said I would phone them about it later. Of course what I could do, Linda, is send you round to their places. Then you could put in your own personal plea for leniency. I'm sure you'd be able to plead most effectively — with this lovely body of yours.'

Mr Ranbourne's words are unbelievable. Impossible. All that business with the two men is over — Mr Ranbourne said so. In effect at least. He is still palming her nude tits. Smiling a sort of diabolical smile. He wouldn't really send her to them...Linda shakes her head. Feeling weak at the knees again. 'No...no...you said...'

'Well I did agree with them that a spell at a Rehabilitation Centre is good for a girl. I mean those people are trained to handle young women — and it's a fact that all young people have a certain tendency to antisocial behaviour. I







think a spell at a Centre would be useful training for any girl, Linda.'

'No...!' she squeals hysterically. How can Mr Ranbourne even contemplate getting her sent. When everyone knows what they do there. 'No...!'

Mr Ranbourne smiles disarmingly. His hands are hefting Linda's tits. 'Well we'll see. We'll talk about it. Right now...I think a nice warm bath is what you need. You're getting all hot and bothered. Yes, a nice soothing bath.'

Linda is feeling really sick. Mr Ranbourne can't mean those things. She goes out, scarcely knowing what she's doing, walking in front of Mr Ranbourne as he directs her, his hand at her bottom. Along and up the stairs. To the bathroom. Mr Ranbourne runs the bath, and tells her to take the playsuit off. He is clearly planning to stay here while Linda gets in but she can't worry about that. Not after what he's said. Nude again she stumbled into the bath. Conscious of his hands fumbling her but thinking only of the two awful men — and of course the Rehab Centre. It is dif-





difficult to decide what would be worse if she had to choose. No, the Rehab Centre would have to be worse. Everyone says it is worse than anything.

Mr Ranbourne is running a soapy sponge over her. 'Anyway why are you so keen to get away, my dear? Is there a boyfriend you're desperate to see?'

She thinks of lying — but Linda is not very good at lies. She tries to prevaricate but Mr Ranbourne senses at once that he has hit on the truth. Not that having a boyfriend at the age of 19 is in any way illegal: it is only if you have more than one partner, or casual contacts, that you can get into trouble. But of course it can be made to seem illegal, or immoral. Mr Ranbourne, once he has forced Linda to admit it, wants to know all the details of Linda's private life. Very much like Dr Fitchley in fact,

although he does have the excuse that it has to go on Linda's file. Is she having intercourse? Mr Ranbourne wants to know. Regularly? How frequent? All kinds of awful questions. How can you answer questions like this — especially when you are in the bath and your questioner — your tormentor — is soaping your nude tits with a sponge?

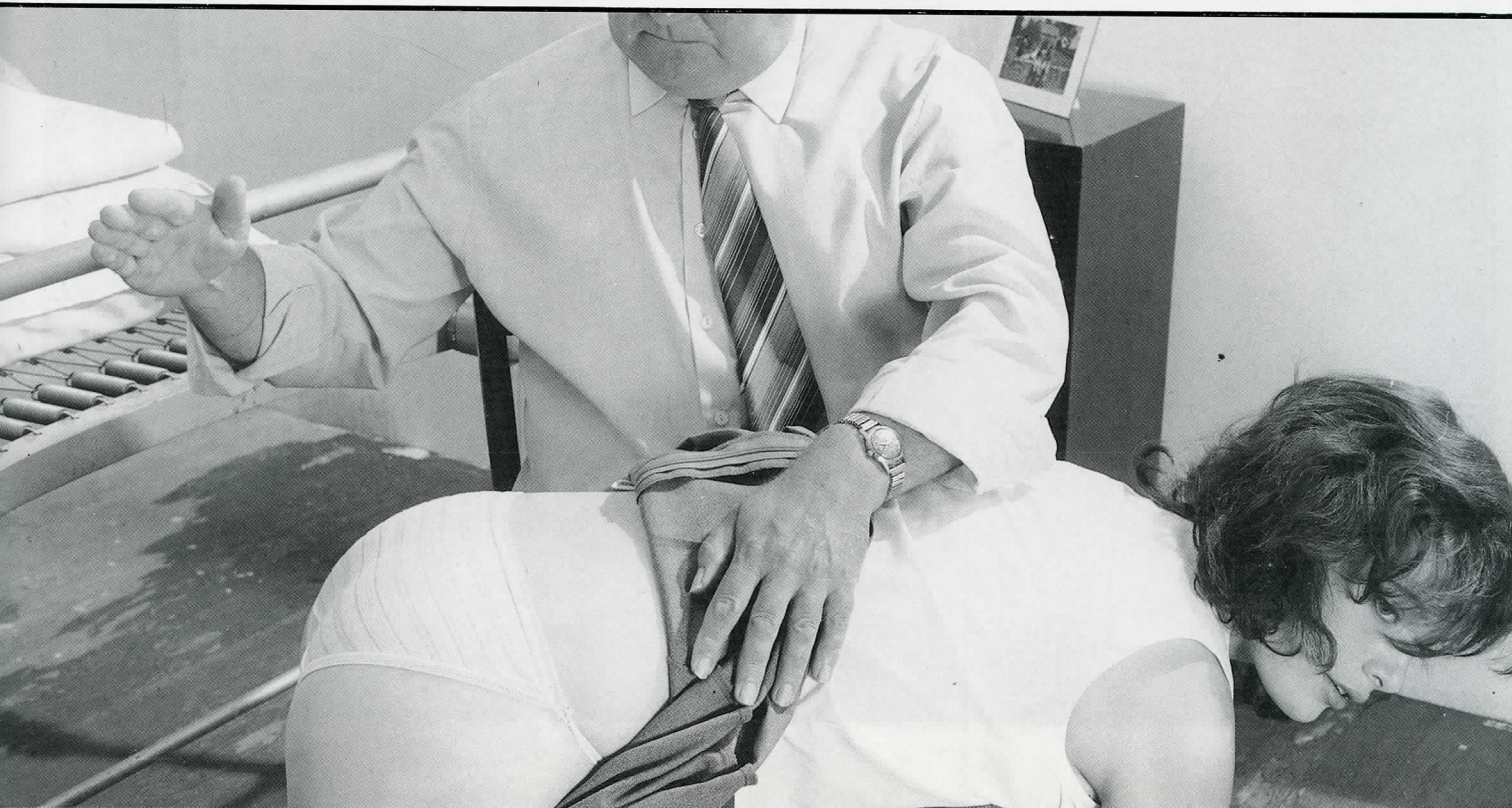
The answers come reluctantly out — and it is virtually impossible to conceal anything when he is keeping on at her as he is. Yes...she is having intercourse...but only once a week. Gregory naturally wants it more frequently but Linda won't agree to it more often than that. Once a week of course is in line with medical guidance. A young couple who have a regular relationship can have intercourse once a week but should not do it more frequently until they are married. Once a week will prevent any ex-

cessive frustrations from building up, but anything more than that is not necessary and is seen as purely for enjoyment. Naturally it is not possible to really monitor something like this and no doubt young couples do do it more frequently. Linda and Gregory don't though. Mr Ranbourne, still soaping Linda's magnificent tits which have aroused nipples now, presses her on this. It is just as well she is not lying.'

'Are you sure?' he persists. 'I know what girls your age are like. And more to the point what young men are like. They will find a limit of once a week very frustrating, in spite of what the medical experts say. And especially someone with a lovely girl like you, Linda. This marvellous body. It must be torture for that young lad waiting a week. Is it one particular day of the week?'









Mr Ranbourne has rinsed the soap off and is now hauling Linda out of the bath. She has to answer. Tell him they do it on Saturdays usually. Saturday evenings. Where? At Linda's home when her parents are out. Having to tell Mr Ranbourne all this is almost as bad as having him cutting the playsuit off — or what he did in the changing room at the doctors. He is rubbing her dry now. His hand slides in between her legs — without the towel.

'So there are three days to go? Until Saturday. Until you get it again, my dear. Unless of course you go round to see our two friends. I imagine you wouldn't have to wait till Saturday then. Mmm...?'

Linda lets out a frantic yelp. He has to be joking — though if it is a joke it is the most awful dreadful joke. 'Yes, my dear?' 'No!' she squeals. 'No! No! No!'

Mr Ranbourne lets go of her. Frowning. 'We mustn't get hysterical, Miss. Acting hysterical can get a girl sent away, you know.'

It almost seems like a threat. As if Mr Ranbourne is trying to find an excuse...to get her sent to the Rehab Centre. Linda bites her lip. No....please God...'Are you aware of that?' he asks.

She shakes her head. Half scared to make any sound that might possibly be called hysterical. 'I...I'm not. Really. I'm not hysterical. Please...don't let me go...to the Rehab Centre.' Linda feels like getting down on her knees.

Mr Ranbourne's eyes have a certain look. As if he might be imagining beautiful, voluptuous Linda at the Rehab Centre. Imagining the officials doing those things...'You did

sound hysterical, Linda. So perhaps we need something. If nothing else...perhaps...a touch of the cane. Would that be preferable?'

Linda's mouth opens. The ripe lips, like soft summer fruit, expels her breath in a shocked gasp. 'But of course if you'd rather...'

'No! No! All right. Yes. If you think...'

'Oh I do think, Linda dear.' Mr Ranbourne slides his hand in to the thick bush of shimmering brown pussy hair. Claspings her mound. 'Oh I definitely do think so. A couple of touches of the cane. Yes indeed.'

The cane! Oh Jesus. But...she would certainly get the cane at the Rehab Centre. Six or seven times a day if what you hear is anything to go by. Caned until you think you're going out of your mind. Mr









Ranbourne won't cane her like that. 'A couple of touches...' Whatever it is it won't be half as bad...

'We'll go into the bedroom,' Mr Ranbourne says, taking his hand away. 'I'll give you it in the bedroom.'

And so Linda is again being marched along in front of Mr Ranbourne. This time with nothing on. The cut-down playsuit left in a crumpled little heap in the corner of the bathroom. Linda is more or less dry, her ripe body glowing from

the warm bath plus the brisk rub that Mr Ranbourne has given her. She is directed into a bedroom. Mr Ranbourne's? Or someone else's? A spare room perhaps? A room kept for a girl who might be told she is staying the night...Don't think that, he is going to let her go, Linda tells herself. Very soon. As soon as he's finished...this latest little...game?

Her bare feet in the deep pile of the carpet. Walking over to the bed. 'Kneel down at the side,' she is told. 'I want you kneeling. With your bottom nicely out over the edge. Have you been caned before,

Linda?'

A mumbled 'No.' Linda has been threatened with the cane a couple of times. Those men who stop her in the street. Wanting something else but sometimes they think the threat of the cane can get them it. The threat of the cane and the threat of the Rehab Centre. But Linda has always managed to deflect the threats. Until now...but it is only the cane, she tells herself. It is going to hurt but it is not...the Rehab Centre — or even being given to those two men to have more fun with. No, it is only...







CRACK!...Oh God. The cane has sliced in onto her poor bottom and the pain is just not possible. She can't stand it, she is perhaps going out of her mind. For a few immediate seconds. Clutching at the bedspread like a drowning man clutching at a straw. Her poor bottom surging, jerking. Trying to come to grips with the horrendous sting.

'Keep it still, Miss. And don't make such a fuss. That's only one. it's not as if you've had 30 of them.'

CRACK!!! That is two though. A second mind-zapping stinger. To produce a second pretty red stripe across the pale expanse of the ripe-ly out-thrust globes. Linda's bottom is jerking and writhing as if it is about to take off, into orbit. And that is how it feels: her bottom red-hot — hot enough to rocket her off into space.

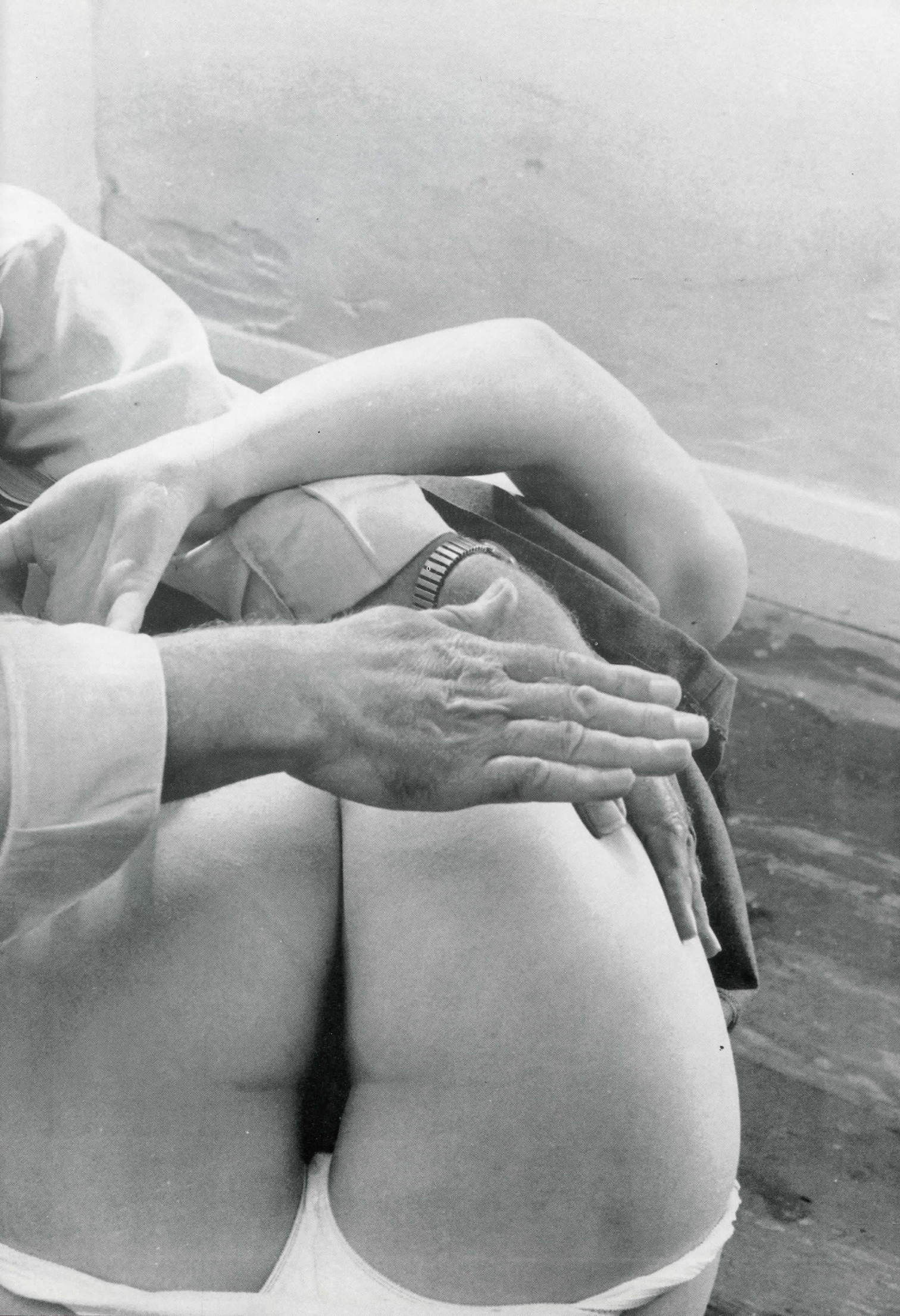
CRACKKKK!!!...The third one catches her lower down, on the fat undercurve some inches below the other two stripes. If anything this part of a girl's bottom is even more sensitive. Linda gives another frantic jerk, lets out another desperate















cry. Mr Ranbourne says, 'Keep it still. Or would you like one between your legs? Eh?'

CRACKKK! In fact the cane comes down virtually on top of the last stripe. Squarely across the fat undercurve again. In spite of that unthinkable threat it is not possible for Linda to keep her red-hot bottom still. Mr Ranbourne drops the cane and sits down beside her. His hand slides over the ripe globes with now their four angry red stripes, causing a further violent jerk.

'Would you like that, Linda? Mmm? Get them apart. Come on, get these pretty legs apart. That's it. His hand strokes her inner thigh, high up. 'Would you like a few here, Miss. Or how about here...'

Mr Ranbourne's hand is on her pussy. He strokes his fingers along the moist slit. Linda lets out a wailing cry into the bed cover. Mr Ranbourne's voice, soft and purring. 'You'd get that at the Centre. They'll give you the cane just about everywhere. Wherever it will hurt most. And a girl is nice and sensitive here, eh?'







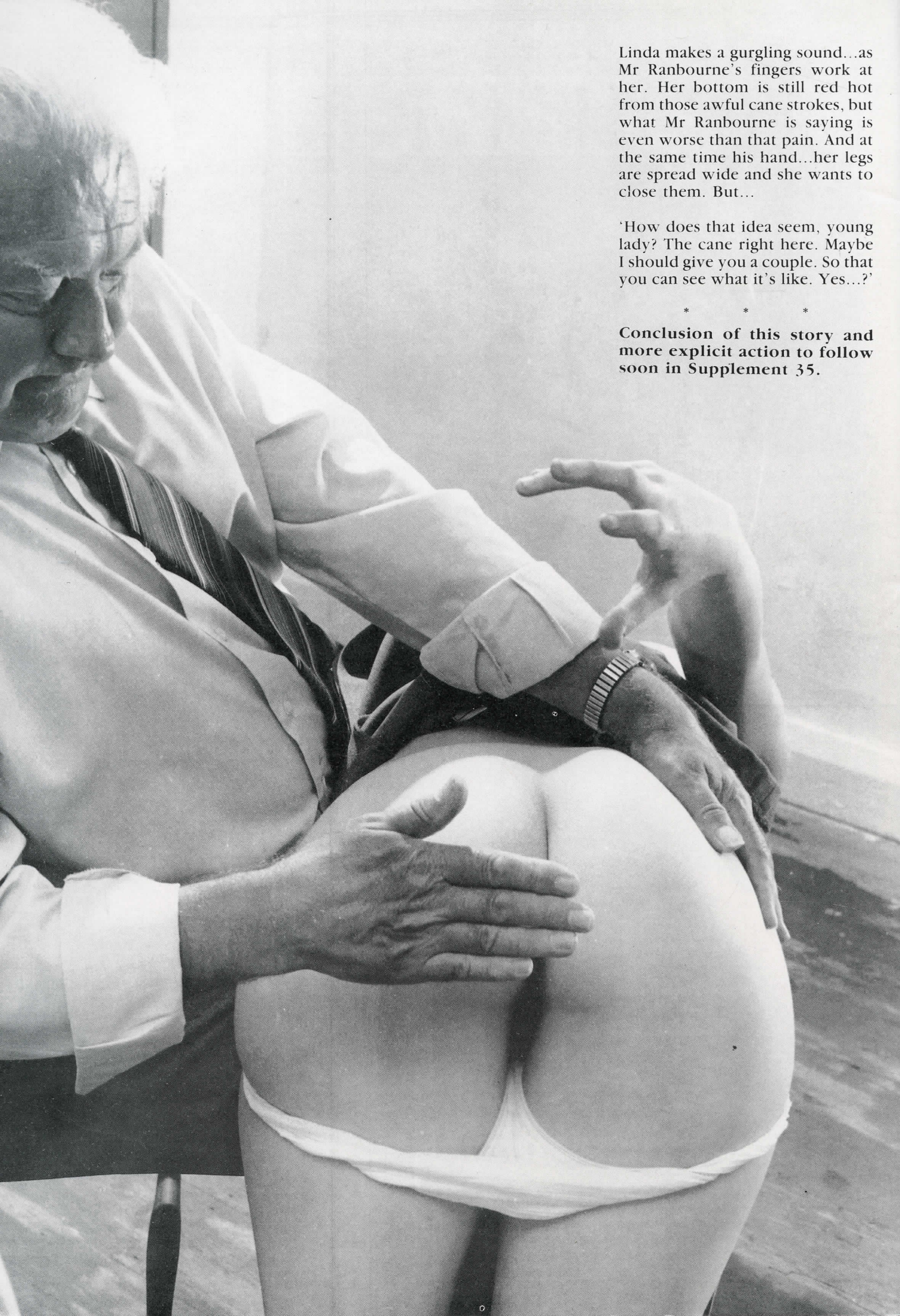


Linda makes a gurgling sound...as Mr Ranbourne's fingers work at her. Her bottom is still red hot from those awful cane strokes, but what Mr Ranbourne is saying is even worse than that pain. And at the same time his hand...her legs are spread wide and she wants to close them. But...

'How does that idea seem, young lady? The cane right here. Maybe I should give you a couple. So that you can see what it's like. Yes...?'

\* \* \*

**Conclusion of this story and more explicit action to follow soon in Supplement 35.**





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